

From the Chaplain of the Fleet



TO READERS OF 'GOOD MORNING'

I HAVE been invited to write a short message in your daily paper. I am particularly grateful for the opportunity to do so because Chaplains do not usually accompany you on your operational patrols. I hope you will not, therefore think you are forgotten. You are very much in our minds and in our Prayers, particularly when we join together in common prayer Sunday by Sunday. I, myself, have special cause to remember you because a near relative of mine has been amongst the members of your Service during the present war.

May God hold you all in His Almighty care, and may His blessing alight upon your endeavours to serve your country faithfully.

Thomas Cuck.

The Chaplain of the Fleet and Chaplain to the King



THE GATEWAY

Like a humming highway is the life of every man of us. It stretches ahead untrodden—it lies behind traversed. Duty is our vehicle—and duty we drive to the daily destination along that beckoning ribbon, without let or pause. The day is the mile—and at every seventh mile there is a Gateway. It is the Gateway of Sunday, and it leads to the quiet places of the inner soul. It invites us to pull up, rest and refresh ourselves until, so fortified, we can pass out fitter for the journey ahead. To-day we come to such a Gateway—and it is open to us all.

I get around
By
RONALD RICHARDS

The Green Man

HE must have seen more than sixty summers; in fact, his mate guessed at seventy. He was about five feet eight and his hair was long and matted and grey.

He was obviously a human, because his clothes were similar to those worn by humans; anyway, I heard him speak later on. He, whatever he was, was half inside a pair of green overalls. He had, too, a green shirt—I saw the front of it, anyway. The sleeves finished at the elbow, and orange cuffs did the rest. Attached by orange wool to his collar was a green cowl, and this was trimmed with orange

pom-poms, which became entangled with his beard, which was a new colour that might for simplicity sake be called grey. I found it difficult to select the most appropriate of the numerous names by which his mates called him. Perhaps Robinson Crusoe or Robin Hood were most suitable. Every evening he strips on the banks of the Thames at Runnymede and dives into the river—and he does dive, too. Then he re-dresses and goes home to his wife in their cottage a short way along the river.

Everybody seemed to know him; his name was Charlie and he was painting the white line in the centre of the road.

Postscript

Since penning the above paragraphs I have been able, through the knowledge of an editorial colleague, to trace some previous history of this quaint character.

For many years before the war he inhabited the neighbourhood of Teddington, where, near the famous Thames Lock, he could be seen diving, minus any kind of costume, in the cool of the evening. He is a naturist in every way, and an authority on herbs. A keeper in the Royal Bushey Park,

near Hampton Court, says that Charlie could be seen nearly every morning before the dew was off the grass, wending his way between the tall trees of the famous Chestnut Avenue, where his picturesque garb looked quite mediaeval, and gathering grasses and small herbs as he went.

They say that Charlie is a very learned man, interesting to talk to—if one can forget the grotesque effect of his clothes—which are fashioned by Charlie himself.



They Say—What Do You Say?

I believe that the problem of post-war unemployment does not exist. On the contrary, the problem of employment after the war is going to be how to find enough people to do the work.—Mr. A. S. Comyns Carr, K.C.

A more crucial problem after this war than reconciling freedom with obligations will be to reconcile the claims of Nationalism with the necessity of building up an International system.—Mr. R. K. Law, M.P.

The English are a bit too modest at times. I do not know when I have been so pleased as I was when I read Colonel Oliver Stanley's speech in which he said England is still going to continue to administer her colonial possessions. He said this in no sense of pride, but because we can do it better than anybody else.—Lord Bennet (former Prime Minister of Canada).

By collaborating with the rest of the world to put productive resources fully to work, we shall raise our own standard of living and help to raise the standard of living of others. It is not that we shall be taking the bread out of the mouths of our own children to feed the children of others, but that we shall co-operate with everyone to call forth the energies of everyone, to put God's earth more completely at the service of all mankind.—Mr. Henry Wallace (Vice-President of the U.S.A.).

A glance at the typical parish magazine would satisfy most impartial people that, at a time when the world is riven with infidelity, the activities of mothers' teas and bazaars take an altogether excessive place—in other words, we suffer, tragically, from intellectual coma, and this at a time when the popular interest in secular subjects was never so great.—Sir Henry Slesser.

Having achieved victory in the war, we then have to achieve victory in the peace. Both for the prosecution of the war and for the great schemes of social improvement afterwards, money is needed, and still greater efforts are required for saving.—Sir Kingsley Wood (Chancellor of the Exchequer).

Government to-day and after the war has the duty of welding all the forces in the community into a concrete and efficient, though variegated, whole, and this duty cannot be shirked in any way by considerations of what the money cost will be.—Lord Hinchinbrooke.

To-day, strange to say, scientists are themselves beginning to doubt whether, after all, evolution is true; many prominent scientists are getting a little ashamed of the "missing links."—Rev. Lawson Perry, D.D.

The ubiquity of the film, whether good or bad, assures its affecting the ideas and emotions of a far greater number of people than is at present influenced by any other form of art.—Mr. Nicolas Bentley.

Unpleasant things are said about politics in all countries, and one of its greatest drawbacks is that it generates some of the baser qualities of human nature, such as jealousy, untruthfulness, and, above all, hatred.—Sir Noel Arkell.

The danger of the exaltation of the manager is what is commonly described as bureaucracy. It is better than plutocracy, and it is better than mob government. But it may easily be the enemy of the development of responsible citizenship, which is the essence of true democracy.—Archbishop of Canterbury.

SUNDAY FARE

SOLO WHIST

Take a tip from B. C. Westall, the famous expert on card games. He will answer any problems presented by submariners.

IN playing either a solo or an abundance hand when you seem to have an absolutely safe thing, it is a wise thing to see what combination of cards or method of play can defeat you. Sometimes by a little foresight you may be able to outwit your opponents. There is a hand played by South, who made the mistake of not stopping long enough to think.

South was the dealer, and turned up the H. 9 as the trump card. The calling was fairly simple. West passed, North called Misere (his H. 8 prevented him from calling Misere Ouvert), East called Abundance,

but was disappointed to hear South overcall him with an Abundance in Trumps. West led C. 5, and South saw that the call was made as long as the four remaining trumps were not in one hand. East took the trick with the C. K and very properly led the S. K. South trumped with H. 9 and West overtrumped with H. J and led another Club, taken by East with the Ace. When East led the S. A, South was on the spot. He did the best thing left to him and put up the H. K in the hopes that the Spade Q would fall on the Ace, but West discarded a diamond, and South had to lose one more

trump and the Queen of Diamonds. Now, with a little thought South could have made sure of his call. When East led the K. Spades, South should have discarded his losing Club. Then, whatever East does, South must make his abundance. Take a tip and think twice!

♠ 9 5 4 3 2					
♥ 8					
♦ 6 4 2					
♣ 6 4 3 2					
♠ None.					
♥ Q J 7					
♦ K 10 9 7 3					
♣ Q 10 9 8 5					
	W	N	E		
		S			
♠ None.					
♥ A K 10 9					
♦ 6 5 4 3 2					
♣ A Q					
♣ J 7					

As long as war is regarded as wicked, it will always have its fascination. When it is looked upon as vulgar, it will cease to exist. Oscar Wilde.

There may be Heaven. There must be Hell. Meantime, there is our earth here—well. Robt. Browning.

It is a general popular error to imagine the loudest complainers for the public to be the most anxious for its welfare. Edmund Burke.

No sadder proof can be given by a man of his own littleness than disbelief in great men. Thos. Carlyle.

Great men are they who see that spiritual is stronger than any material force, that thoughts rule the world. Ralph Waldo Emerson.

The love of liberty is the love of others; the love of power, is the love of ourselves. Thomas Hazlitt.

IT'S A PIG OF A PUZZLE!



Can you separate each pig by drawing three straight lines?

Answers in next Sunday's issue (S. 2).

Hobbies for Submariners—1

SHIP MODELS IN MATCH-BOXES

By
EDWARD G. SMETTEM

THE match-box shown below measures 2½ inches by 1½ inches. It was handed to me in its ordinary Bryant and May outer case, together with five other match-boxes. Inside each was a very miniature model of a ship, each one mounted in front of a scene modelled and painted on the box.

These models ranged from sailing ships to modern warships, and the scenes or settings from sandy tropical beaches, complete with miniature palm trees and vegetation,

to wharfs and icebound shores, all cleverly built up in perspectives which merged into the painted background.

They are the work of Master Wilmot-Deane, of Dulwich College, and were exhibited at a model exhibition held there some little time ago.

HOBBY FOR SUBMARINERS? Some empty match-boxes, a very sharp knife or razor blades, a magnifying glass, a pair of tweezers, and a tube of seccotine, seem to be the main materials for the actual build-

ing of the models, while the finishing is done with ordinary water-colour paints.

Naturally, plenty of patience is needed, even by those who have a gift for modelling in the normal way, for the work is so microscopic. Therein, however, lies the beauty and the fascination of the finished models, and the rewards are great for those who have the time to spare and the steadiness of touch to make and fit together minute parts.

HOW TO BEGIN.

First of all decide on the kind of ship you are going to model, and get good references, such as photographs, of the detail. Having settled this, and before starting work, it is as well to plan your scene which will occupy the base and back of the match-case. (You may want a merchant ship lying alongside a wharf—the latter to be built across one corner of the match-box, with one or two near buildings, such as warehouses or a dockside tavern, actually modelled, while a suggestion of more distant buildings may be painted in, together with your sky.

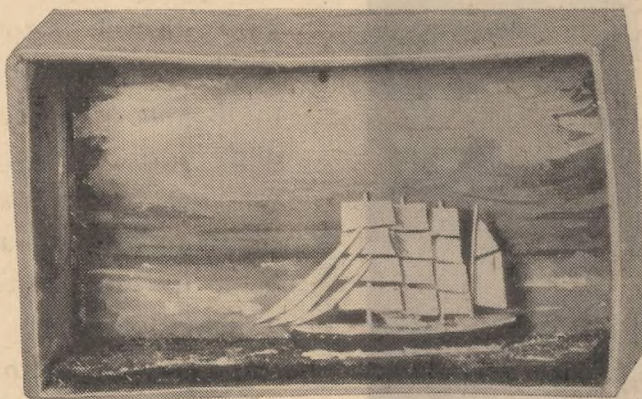
Proportion and perspective have a great deal to do with the success of these miniatures and should receive attention right from the outset.

The model shown here, which is one of the simplest in the set shown to me, has the simplest of backgrounds—merely that of a painted sky and horizon. The base on which the model is mounted in the box is a piece of rough felt, which, smeared with daubs of blue and white colour, gives a good impression of a choppy sea.

BUILD FIRST—

MOUNT AFTERWARDS.

The ship model should, of course, be built, not inside the box, but as a separate unit, then mounted in position on its base, the whole then being mounted in the case after the background has been completed.



A simple model sailing ship in a match-box.

GLASS-MAKING

WASTE glass is salvaged nowadays because it saves precious fuel and raw materials in glass factories.

And to-day women are at work turning a lot of it into brand-new bottles and jars for milk, food, medicine, and vital war chemicals. It is one of the

hottest war-time jobs they have taken over from men. For it means working at furnaces heated to about 1,500 degrees Centigrade.

Glass is made by heating sand with soda, lime and other chemicals until it melts to a clear, fiery liquid. And nowa-

days anything up to 80 per cent. of old broken glass—"cullet," they call it in the trade—may go in with the other ingredients.

Mass production of glass containers has not led to a deterioration in artistic standards. Glass is a remarkably "flexible" material in one sense. Within very wide limits one can reproduce virtually any shape or detail in it. Designers, therefore, have almost unlimited scope when they take it as a medium.

The material also lends itself admirably to "modernistic" treatment. Yet, perhaps because as a material it has such a venerable history, the traditional forms survive to a greater extent in glass than in any other material except wood. There was much beauty in the old glass-blower's work, and it is encouraging to see that the designers of to-day pay tribute to his art and craftsmanship by basing many of their best achievements upon them.

Improvements in manufacturing processes, the majority of them evolved within recent years, have so changed the characteristics of glass that it is even being used instead of stone and brick as a structural material.

Particularly noteworthy is the extent to which the so-called luxury trades have adopted glass containers. The production of artistic bottles, decanters and the like is not a new development, for some of the finest pieces obtainable are hand-made and mouth-blown. What is new is the production of really well-finished ornamental glass containers in large quantities suitable for the packing of proprietary commodities, such as perfumery and toilet goods.

Glass-blowing is an old family craft, the knowledge and implements frequently being handed down through the generations. Fifteen years of continual training and practice is the minimum period for a thorough training.



Women are now largely employed in the glass-making industry. Here is a girl glass-blower working on some very delicate tubular productions.

Arithmetical Problem

"DOUBLING THE INCOME TAX"

A man who had been pestered with a series of letters from the Income Tax Collector at last received one which he considered to be deeply insulting. It was obvious that unless he paid his tax the collector was going to complain about him to the Police.

In a great huff, the man sat down and wrote a cheque for the amount. It was for so many pounds, so many shillings, and no pence. In the hurry he made a mistake. He reversed the figures, put the pounds in the shillings column and the shillings in the pounds column.

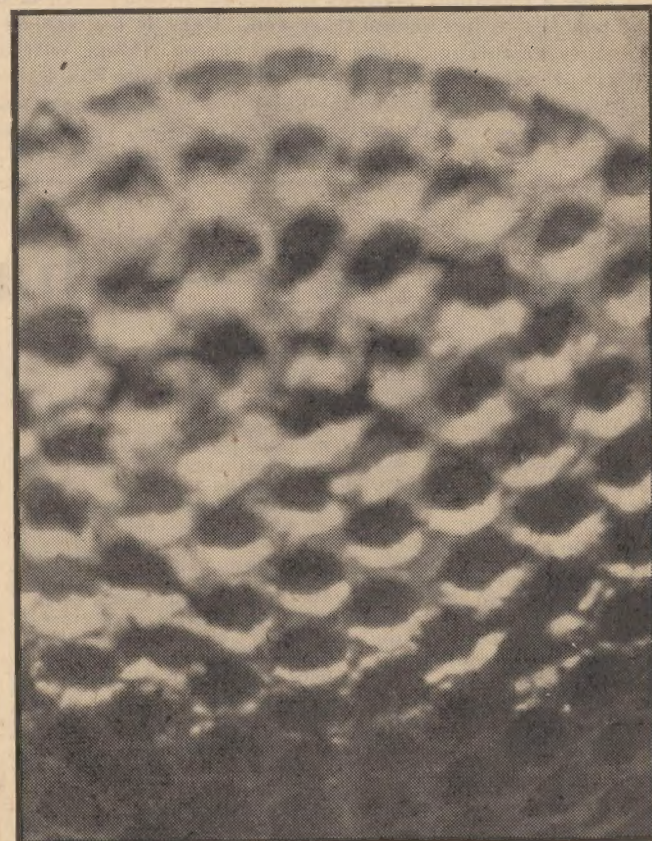
He was very surprised a few days later to receive from the Income Tax Collector a cheque equal to the amount of his income tax. Was it a pang of remorse on the collector's part? No; he pointed out that the amount of the cheque was exactly twice as much as the tax demanded, and therefore he was returning herewith, etc., etc.

So, you see, the taxpayer, by reversing the figures on his cheque, doubled the amount he should have paid. How much should he have paid? How much did he pay?

QUIZ for today

- The County Town of—
1. Berwick is:
Duns? Eyemouth? Lammernmuir?
 2. Bute is:
Rothesay? Millport?
 3. Fyfe is:
Kirkcaldy? Cupar? Dunfermline?
 4. Orkney is:
Skaill? Kirkwall?
 5. Renfrew is:
Renfrew? Barrhead? Paisley?
 6. West Lothian is:
Bathgate? Linlithgow?
 7. Dumfries is:
Lockerbie? Moffat? Dumfries?
 8. Lanark is:
Motherwell? Glasgow? Lanark?
 9. Wigtown is:
Stranraer? Wigtown?
 10. Carmarthen is:
Llanelli? Llandilo? Carmarthen?
 11. Lincoln is:
Grimsby? Grantham? Lincoln?
 12. Berkshire is:
Newbury? Abingdon? Reading?
 13. Cornwall is:
Truro? Bodmin? Falmouth?
 14. Essex is:
Colchester? Braintree? Chelmsford?
 15. Hampshire is:
Basingstoke? Winchester? Aldershot?
 16. Rutland is:
Uppingham? Oakham?
 17. Somerset is:
Bath? Yeovil? Taunton?
 18. Suffolk is:
Bury St. Edmunds? Ipswich? Lowestoft?
 19. Surrey is:
Kingston? Dorking? Guildford?
 20. Sussex is:
Brighton? Chichester? Lewes?
 21. Westmoreland is:
Kendal? Appleby?
 22. Anglesey is:
Beaumaris? Holyhead?
 23. Flintshire is:
Rhyl? Holywell? Mold?
 24. Glamorgan is:
Swansea? Cardiff? Barry?
 25. Merionethshire is:
Barmouth? Towyn? Dolgellau?
- Answers in next Sunday's issue (S. 2).

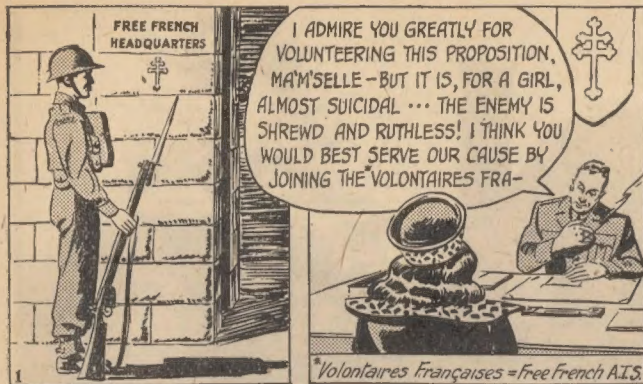
WHAT IS IT?



Here's a weekly picture puzzle for you to solve. The answer will be given in the next Sunday issue—S.2. Meanwhile, can you solve it?

BUCK RYAN

A new and thrilling mystery adventure, featuring the famous detective starts to-day—and will be continued in six strip instalments on this page every Sunday.



MY MIND IS MADE UP, M'SIEUR LE CAPITAIN! I AM AWARE OF ALL THE RISKS AND DANGERS BUT MY HEART IS IN CORSICA AND IT IS THERE THAT I CAN BEST SERVE THE FREE FRENCH MOVEMENT. YOU CANNOT DISSUADE ME!



PERHAPS M'SIEUR LE CAPITAIN WILL FACILITATE AUDIENCE WITH M'SIEUR LE GÉNÉRAL?

SUCH SPIRIT WILL INDEED BE A TONIC FOR MON GÉNÉRAL, Mlle PIETRO! MAY I HAVE YOUR ADDRESS?



DEPARTMENT OF MILITARY SECURITY? THIS IS THE FREE FRENCH HEADQUARTERS. HAVE YOU ANY RECORDS CONCERNING A CORSICAN SUBJECT, NAMED MA'M'ELLE ROXANE PIETRO? SHE CAME TO ENGLAND FROM GIBRALTAR LAST YEAR...



WHILE YOU'RE OVER THERE, RYAN—WOULD YOU MIND LOOKING TO SEE IF WE HAVE ANY RECORDS OF Mlle. ROXANE PIETRO?



O.K! HOW DO YOU SPELL IT?

HERE WE ARE: PIETRO, ROXANE. SPINSTER. NATIONALITY: CORSICAN. BORN: AJACCIO. H'MM—WHAT'S THE TROUBLE?



YOU WANTED TO SEE THIS DATA ABOUT Mlle ROXANE PIETRO, CAPTAIN?

AH, YES! SHE'S AN AMAZING CREATURE, RYAN. AMAZING!



M'SIEUR LE GÉNÉRAL HAS GRANTED MY REQUEST—IN SPITE OF YOUR DISCOURAGING ATTITUDE, M'SIEUR LE CAPITAIN!

I KNEW HE WOULD, MA'M'ELLE. MY "DISCOURAGEMENT" WAS, PERHAPS, A FEAR FOR YOUR LIFE!



MEET M'RYAN—Mlle PIETRO. HE IS ONE OF US—SO YOU CAN SPEAK FREELY! Mlle PIETRO HAS EXPRESSED A DESIRE TO RETURN TO CORSICA, M'RYAN; THERE TO FOSTER THE FREE FRENCH MOVEMENT. A DANGEROUS MISSION, BUT A GREAT ONE!



YOU'RE A BRAVE GIRL TO SAY THE LEAST, Mlle PIETRO! HOW DO YOU PROPOSE TO REACH CORSICA?

BY AIR—IF IT CAN BE ARRANGED, AND LAND BY PARACHUTE



WHEE-WHOO! THAT'S NOT GOING TO BE EASY. BUT IF I CAN BE OF SERVICE—I SHALL BE GLAD TO HELP YOU



BOMBER COMMAND WISH YOU LUCK IN YOUR DARING VENTURE, Mlle PIETRO. YOUR DEPARTURE DEPENDS UPON THE WEATHER. IT MAY BE TONIGHT—OR—

I HOPE IT IS TONIGHT!

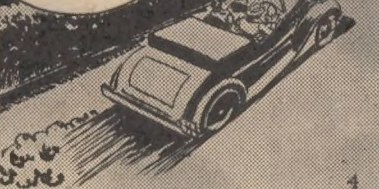


WHAT MADE YOU LEAVE CORSICA?

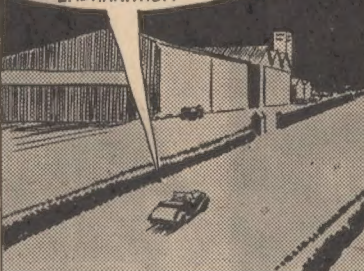
WHEN THE THREAT OF AN ANGLO-AMERICAN INVASION WAS IMMINENT, A SMALL GERMAN FORCE LANDED IN CORSICA. MY FATHER'S HOTEL WAS TAKEN OVER FOR THEIR HEADQUARTERS



I COULDN'T BEAR TO BE NEAR THEM—SO I ESCAPED... EVER SINCE I HAVE SUFFERED THE REMORSE OF A DESERTER



IT IS DIFFICULT TO KNOW WHAT TO DO UNDER SUCH CIRCUMSTANCES

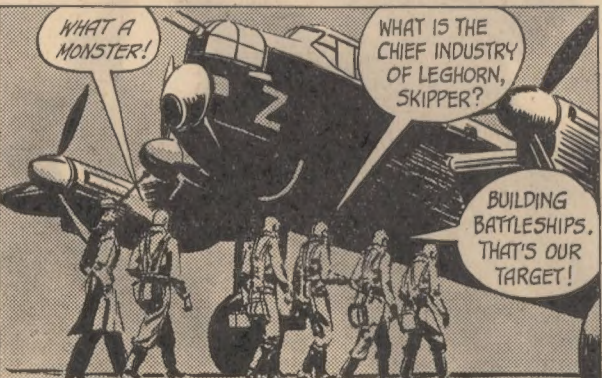


YOU'RE IN LUCK, MISS PIETRO. THE BOYS ARE MAKING AN EXCURSION TO ITALY TONIGHT. LEGHORN IS THE TARGET

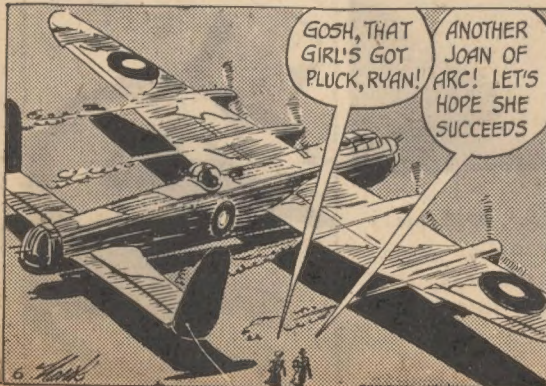
GOOD! WHEN DO WE START?



IT WOULD BE FOOLISH TO BE CAUGHT WEARING THE INSIGNIA OF FREE FRANCE. TAKE IT AS A KEEPSAKE, BUCK!



GOODBYE AND GOOD LUCK, ROXANE!



Heard This One?

A sailor on leave, and celebrating the occasion, hired a taxi, only to discover when approaching his destination that he was penniless. He shouted to the driver, "Hi, stop!"

Jumping out, he went on, "I just want to pop into the tobacconist's shop to get some matches. I've dropped a handful of silver in the cab and can't find it in the black-out."

As he entered the shop, the cab and its driver vanished—as he had anticipated.

A recruit reported sick and complained to the M.O. that he couldn't eat.

The M.O. first inspected his teeth and tongue, and throat and tonsils. Finding nothing wrong, he prodded the lad in the stomach and back and asked him if he had any pain at all.

"No, sir," answered the recruit.

"Well, I can't find anything wrong," said the M.O. "How do you feel yourself?"

"Quite O.K.," answered the recruit.

"Well, why on earth can't you eat?" asked the M.O.

"I've lost my knife and fork," was the unruffled reply.

A number of collier vessels, with others, were being convoyed down the East Coast. One of the crew, leaning over the side, was joined by the cook, who saw he was watching loaves of bread floating on the water.

"It's a shame," said the cook, "tossing good bread overboard."

"That's not off our ship," said his mate.

"How do you know?" asked the cook.

"Because the blinking stuff you make would never float."

"Get a bucketful of water and scrub the deck," ordered the P.O. to the dull-looking A.B.

Half an hour later the P.O. saw the A.B. gazing intently at the sea rushing past the ship, empty bucket in hand, and the deck still unscrubbed.

"Why the hell haven't you scrubbed the deck?" he roared.

"I haven't seen a bucketful, I liked the look of yet," replied the A.B.

A rather timid soldier squared his shoulders determinedly. "Well, sarg," he bawled, "I've been waiting to get this off my chest for some time. You're a bullet-headed, ugly, ignorant chunk of hog-flesh." He paused for breath, staggered at his own daring. Then he dived out of the telephone kiosk and legged it up the street.

He had been sent to a lumber-camp and given a job to work the cross-cut with an experienced lumber-jack.

After an hour of hard toil the lumber-jack looked at the exhausted lad with pity. "Sonny," he said, "I don't mind you riding on this saw, but if it's all the same to you, would you PLEASE stop scraping your feet along the ground?"

The construction of Wardens' Posts was lagging and the authorities were getting restless. "Get them up as quickly as possible," the builders were told.

Almost before the concrete was dry, one shelter was occupied by A.R.P. personnel—two very conscientious wardens, who were to keep vigil through the still hours.

With senses alert, they stuck to their job while the hours wearily dragged on. Occasionally they would stretch their legs outside—but never did they venture out of earshot of the telephone.

At any moment it might sound the clarion call to urgent duty. Ever and again their tired eyes would stray in its direction. Dawn came at last, and with it the day wardens. Two tired-eyed night wardens signed off. As they left the shelter, a Post Office electrician entered. "Where's this blinking telephone?" he asked. "I've got to connect it up."

We were mine-sweeping "somewhere in the North Sea," and Nobby, on look-out and scared stiff, saw mines in everything.

"Ere's one," he gulped, spotting a dark blob on the broken water ahead.

Tug Wilson, fed up with Nobby's windy observations, sniffed disdainfully as the blob passed quietly beneath the trawler.

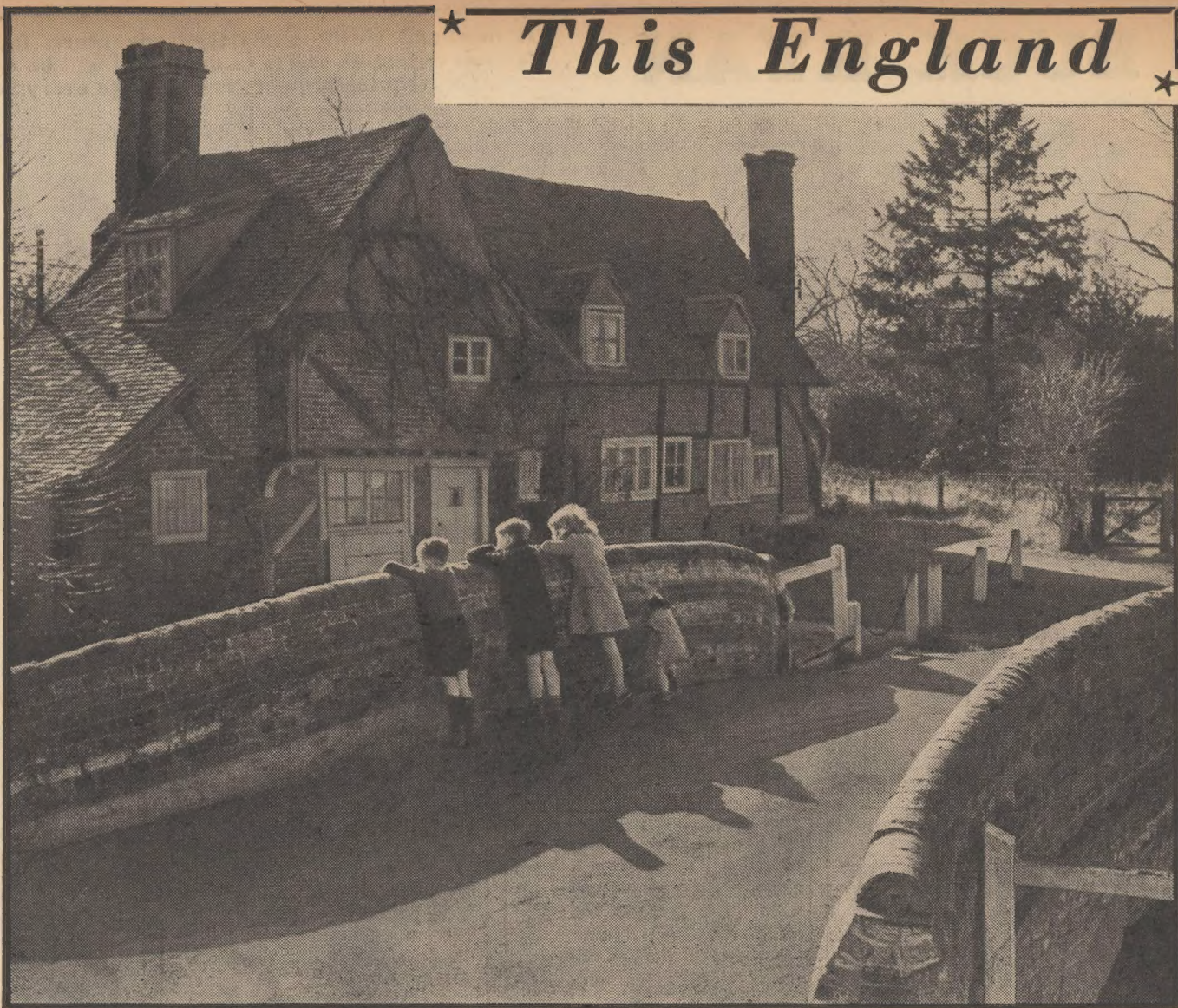
"Was it?" panted Nobby. Tug spat viciously down-wind. "If it 'ad bin," he snapped, "you wouldn't 'ave asked me."

Good Morning SEA LEAVES

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.



We know trees don't grow on seas, so we will ask how many of our readers can guess where this picture was taken, and the name of the ship.



Now what on earth can it be that's so darned interesting? Obviously of no interest to VERY young ladies... or so the rest of the party think. Still, she seems to have her own problems, and there's something terribly worrying going on around her feet. Ah, well... kids were ever curious, and even if they are only admiring the canal you couldn't blame them. Like to bet though, there's a barge in view, and they're making some wonderful "voyages" on it.



Says the Horse on the left:

"Immortal he may be
I'm bound to declare,
But a nose in the bag
Is worth two in the air."

**AGRABLE
QUATE**



You're right... it IS Betty Grable, and unless we're plain nuts, she has that "come hither" look in her eyes.

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"... nice being Betty's pet even in a dream!"

